

The Ivory Tower

By

S R DONGERKERY

EAST & WEST BOOK HOUSE

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To

Kamala

Accept these lyrics they are Thine,
Ther' beauty all Thine own,
Thy fragrant love hath filled each line
That weath thy sky hath frown
To shape a rose full blown

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Preface to the Second Edition

The cordial reception given to *The Ivory Tower* by the public has encouraged me to bring out this second edition within little more than a year of the publication of the first

In the present edition I have not departed from the classification previously adopted. I have however omitted two poems and added eight new poems

Love the Artist The Western Ghats in July
To Ajanta Om Kasturba Storm and
Calm The Flute-Player and Another Dawn
My wife has contributed to this edition five of her
poems The Mountain Brides Arati The
Spring of Solace Thoughts and Showers

Our thanks must be extended to the editors of the *Triveni* and the *All-India Weekly* for their kind permission to reprint some of these additional poems which have appeared in their journals

Owing to the difficulty of securing paper of the size used for the first edition I have been obliged to reduce the size of the present one to Crown 8vo

S R DONGERKERY

64, Walkeshwar Road,
Bombay, 1st December, 1944

Preface to the First Edition

The poems contained in this volume were written between November 1941 and July 1943. A number of them have already appeared in print over the initials

S. R. D. in journals like the *Social Welfare*, the *Indian Review*, the *Modern Review*, the *Bombay Chronicle Weekly* and the *Pushpa*. My thanks are due to the editors of these periodicals for their kind permission to reprint them in this collection. Some of the poems have been revised by me since they first saw the light of day. This collection includes two poems, *Too Late* and *Dual Rôle*, written by my wife, who has also made the pen drawing for the cover design.

I should be failing in my duty if I did not acknowledge with gratitude the valuable suggestions received by me from my poet friend Professor Armando Menezes M. A. who has to no small extent been responsible for encouraging me to undertake the present venture.

The collection has been grouped under the subtitles, " Love, " " Beauty " , and " Truth, " subjects which have never ceased to be the inspiration of Art. The poems were written in moments snatched from a busy life of official routine from which they afforded a temporary escape

S R DONGERKERY

64, Walkeshwar Road,
Bombay, 15th October, 1943

The Ivory Tower

Imprisoned in her ivory tower
My Muse keeps sighing still
For freedom of the sun-clad flower
That dances by the rill

Of birds that thrill the air with songs
Of liberty and light
For which her heart with passion longs
All through her lonely night

Long o'er the casement will she peer
Across the waters' foam
For wandering sails now dim now clear
Strayed far away from home

She hungers for the sights and sounds
Of the world's uproarious fair
Where Life's bright wheel makes giant rounds
With revellers free from care

She thirsts for love that overflows
The cups they pass around
With whispers soft whose volume grows
With music's swelling sound

But she is doomed to waste her time,
In her own tower confined,
Weaving her fancies into rhyme
To soothe an anguished mind

Though thus my Muse may live alone
Within an ivory tower,
Her flowering thoughts by breezes blown
Shall wield their fragrant power,

And from her soul a rainbow hurled
Shall bridge the gulf that lies
Betwixt her prison and the world
That throbs beyond the skies

Love

The Three Sisters

I chanced upon three maidens bright
And each was wondrous fair
Round me they danced with such delight
That I forgot my care

'Tis said these triplets came to birth
When Nature still was young
And e'er since man appeared on earth
Together they have clung

Such close resemblance did they bear
Each to the other two
Were I to see them I d not dare
Distinguish who was who

And they have ever seemed the same
To many men forsooth
For one is Beauty Love's the name
Of one and one is Truth

The Toll of Love

I plucked the full moon from the sky
And placed it on her forehead fair ,
I drew the constellations nigh
And set them in her flowing hair

And of the Milky Way I made
A veil to screen her slender grace,
And, ere the sunset red could fade,
Its rose I transferred to her face

Two narrow bands of gold I found
Above the sun, one evening fine,
And shaped them into bracelets round
Which on her lovely arms now shine

I gathered moonbeams from aloft
And wove from them a *saree* bright,
That she might wear it, shining soft
Like silvery cloud on moonlit night

I went on plundering Nature's store
And made the moon the stars the sun
Their treasures at her feet to pour
And yet her heart I had not won !

But when my bleeding heart I poured
Before her eyes without a groan
A speechless victory I scored
And she could hold no more her own !

Twelfth January

To me this day is hallowed, for it brings
The sweet remembrance of the happy hour
When Joy from Heaven descended on its wings
And shaped itself into a Lotus flower

That flower stands rooted in the waters still
Of my heart's lake, and there it shall remain
A swaying vision beautiful, until
My heart shall freeze to pleasure and to pain

Love

The burning flame of my desire
Was lighted by the sun's own fire
In constancy I'm like the star
That guides the sailor from afar
The full moon on a summer night
In me awakens youth's delight
I weave the pattern of romance
With feeling colour song and dance
And draw upon rich Nature's store
For gifts I bring to Beauty's door
With her to dwell for evermore

Love the Artist

Love spreads the canvas of the sky,
And on her palette-heart
Emotions rich in colour lie,
Mixed by her magic art

She paints the sunset with new tints
Of mauve and pink and rose
Till mottled clouds shine soft, like prints
Of Cupid's mincing toes

Blue turns to green and green to red,
And silver into gold,
Before the sun retires to bed,
Clad crimson, fold on fold

Love plays a joyful tune upon
Her heart-strings, vibrant, strong,
And welcomes back the youthful dawn
With her impassioned song,

And echoes of Love's song are heard
Flung back from heaven's vault
As from its height a speck-like bird
Pours strains without a fault

Separation

Without thee, Love, I'm like the sky
Whose brightness in the dawn
Hath been eclipsed by clouds massed high
That make it dull and wan

Without thee, Love, I'm like a bird
That flies on broken wing,
My drooping heart no longer stirred
By songs I loved to sing

Without thee, Love, I'm like a song
Of all its music shorn ,
I'm like a yacht, abandoned long,
Its sails to tatters torn

Without thee, Love, I'm like a rose
To which no scent doth cling ,
A poem reading just like prose
Because its rhymes don't ring

Without thee Love I m like a king
Who once a crown did wear
My life a harp without a string
To play a joyful air

Without thee Love I m like the wine
With all its flavour gone
My home a desecrated shrine
Where once a goddess shone

Overwhelmed

Why is it Love that at your sight
My cheeks are set a-glow,
And coursing in my veins red-bright
The blood will tingling flow ?

Why is it Love that when you speak
My heart is all a-flutter
To answer you for words I seek,
But I can only stutter ?

Why is it Love that at your kiss
My frame is all a-quiver,
My being, overcome by bliss,
Is flooded like a river ?

Thirtieth April

In some unknown mysterious way
Two single stars that shone afar
Towards each other moved this day
And merged into a double-star

Two minds two hearts two souls were knit
Into a union proud and rare
The lamp of love was newly lit
And joy went pulsing through the air

And when that day once more comes round
Sweet memories waken new delight
And happiness by twin-souls found
Shines jewel like on faces bright.

Souls United

As round the 'sacred fire they trod
With measured steps and slow,
Her hand in his, invoking God
His blessings to bestow,

He knew not what the future held
For both of them in store,
But felt the flame of love would weld
Their souls for evermore

They were two strangers, each to each,
By Fate together brought,
'They stood upon the sea-washed beach
Of Life with perils fraught

And soon they both to sea put out
Like mariners untried,
With hope and faith, minds free from doubt
And Heaven alone for guide

To know of love she was too young
A tender winsome girl
And tearfully to him she clung
On seeing the sail unfurl

Up in the sky a slender thread
Of moon appeared to rise
As he and she did raise their head
And upward turned their eyes

From day to day as thus they sped
Upon their voyage bound
Their great adventure hourly fed
The love they d newly found

And like the crescent in the sky
This love began to grow
Till like the full moon riding high
It did effulgent glow

4

Each look each word each act did bring
This new wed couple close
Until her heart to his did cling
Like scent unto the rose

And happiness was theirs to choose,
It flowed without a break
The voyage seemed a pleasure cruise
Upon a silver lake

No storm they feared, because they stood
With trust in God above
And mutual faith that only could
Proceed from perfect love

And even so shall they both sail
O'er life's uncertain sea,
For neither will the other fail
Until Eternity

The Appeal

My Love when you upon me frown
My eyes in sudden anguish
Into my troubled heart look down
To see it droop and languish

I feel the darkness gather round
Like clouds in stormy weather
My throbbing heart at slightest sound
Starts *trembling like a feather*

And then I long for your warm smile
That like the sunshine brightens
My saddened heart o'er which the pile
Of clouds the darkness heightens

And when I vow I cannot bear
To see your anger darken
The light upon your face so fair
Won't you unto me hearken?

The Rosebud and the Lotus

Among the flower-beds on the garden lawn
A tender rosebud he espied at dawn,
Whose pinky softness held out promise sweet
Of full-blown beauty swaying on its feet ,
He tended it with most uncommon care
And gave it shelter from the nipping air

There came a sudden storm which made it bend
Upon its stalk and hasten to its end
Disconsolate was he and wandered wide
Long in his heart the rosebud did abide
His wanderings led him to a quiet stream
Whose waters moving slow did stagnant seem

Ere long, before his eyes he saw afloat
A vision of a flattened leafy boat
Upon which stood, in morning splendour clad,
A many-petalled flower that made him glad

His withered heart expanded at the sight
Of this new flowered beauty gleaming bright
Was this the lotus of which bards had sung
And round which many golden legends hung
Whose mystic bloom and trance-born fragrance sweet
Seemed freshly gathered from the Lord's own feet ²

•

Clouds and Sunshine

A poignant grief had stabbed his heart, it lay
Dejected and bereft of hope, his mind,
By sorrow dazed, lay passively inclined,
The clouds o'erhead had blotted out the day
A mild breeze stirred and blew the clouds away,
The light shone bright again an angel kind
Did take his hand in hers, he walked behind,
And step by step to joy she led the way
He thought it all a dream, but soon he found
That she who held his hand was woman true,
Who moved with queenly grace and spread around
A fragrance like the rose in morning dew ,
Like tendrilled creeper round his heart she wound
Herself with love and brought him joy anew

Universal Love

The rivers run to join the sea
Their treasures in her lap to pour
The sea rolls towards the land in glee
Her music playing on the shore

The rugged mountain tops soar high
And nestle in the cloud's embrace
The rain in torrents from the sky
Pours out its joy on Nature's face

The planets roll around the sun
At distances so far apart
That each a separate course might run
But for the sun's enchain'g heart

The miser to his hoards will rush
And hug them to his sordid breast
Upon the maiden's cheek the blush
Of beauty's pride will lie at rest

And to its dam the tender calf
Will ever hobble for its feed ,
The infant, may it cry or laugh,
Its mother's love is all its need

The lover for his love will long,
The devotee to God will cling
All yearning, be it right or wrong,
From Universal Love doth spring

Faded Love

Love too fades like the flower
Its fragrance left behind
In memory a golden bower
With sad thoughts intertwined

Another flower may fill
The void the last hath left
But new love cannot thrill
A heart of love bereft

No heart will throb again
Wherefrom sweet love hath fled
'Twill linger long in pain
Until its beats stop dead

Reunion

Say, Love, have we not met before
In some dim age or distant clime ,
Perhaps upon some foggy shore
Of boundless space and timeless time ?

Say, Love, have not our eyes once met
Before they looked upon this earth,
Like stars in constellation set
Long ere the solar system's birth ?

Say, Love, have not our minds been knit
By common thoughts in some past life,
That from the self-same fire were lit
Ere we became just man and wife ?

Say, Love, have not our hearts communed
Each with the other through all time,
Like bells in carillon attuned,
Or words that to perfection rhyme ?

Say Love were not our twin souls one
Before this universe was born
Ere earth and moon and star and sun
Were from one mass asunder torn ?

When death shall cause life's ceaseless urge
To sink into the tomb of Night
Shall not our lustrous twin rays merge
Into the Everlasting Light ?

Beauty

Comparisons

The silvery splendour of the moon
 Will pale and fade
 Before the dazzling sun at noon
 A shadow's shade !

The diamonds glistening on a ring
 Shed lustre poor
 When to their side you sudden bring
 The Kohinoor

Even so the beauties of the world
 Are no more seen
 When with her beauty's flag unfurled
 Appears my queen !

Where Beauty Dwells

Doth Beauty dwell in colour, form
Or in proportion just and true ?
We see it in the raging storm
That clothes the sky in livid hue,

The full-blown flower, the mountain high,
The dashing waterfall that roars,
The golden sunset in the sky,
The river's silver-winding course

The stars that come out in the night,
The moonbeams sleeping on the sea,
The rainbow's colours softly bright,
The slender pine, the *gulmohur* tree,

The noble steed with arching neck,
The nimbly frisking antlered deer,
The maid's complexion free from speck,
Are each of them without a peer

Doth Beauty dwell in tinkling bells
In dulcet sounds of harp and lute
In human voice that far excels
The sweetness of the pipe and flute ?

Or in the waters of the brook
That flow with purling murmur sweet
Or in the green and shady nook
Where warbling birds their lovers greet ?

Or in the lisp of children's talk
Or in their laughter light and gay
When for their evening games they flock
To romp and dance to sing and play ?

Doth Beauty in the velvet dwell
Of petals of the rose new blown
Or in the jasmine's fragrant smell
Or in the scent of grass new mown ?

Doth Beauty dwell in what the mind
Of man conceived from ancient time
Embalming it in prose refined
In blank verse or in ringing rhyme ?

Though through his senses man may drink
Sweet Beauty's wine from Nature's bowl,
The Beauty that with Truth doth link
Lies deep, deep down in his own soul

The Jog Falls

The Raja holds unchallenged sway
The Roarer thunders all the way
The Rocket speeds athwart the rock
The Lady in her silvery frock
Stands by and gazes All around
The foaming waters leap and bound
O'er crag and boulder Like a child
Of Mother Nature running wild
Each Fall pursues its downward course
With greater or with lesser force
All rushing headlong and amain
Like horses tugging at their rein
And foaming at their mouth to win
A race and as the waters spin
And whirl into the depths unseen
Now red now yellow and now green
And blue and orange violet all
The rainbow's hues they rise and fall

,

Now here, now there, they meet the eye,
A feast of colour spread for thy
Delight and mine If thou would'st see
In Nature's face true majesty
Allied to beauty, union rare,
Here wilt thou find the mystic pair
A soul sublime, majestic, free,
May thus to beauty wedded be !

Too Late

Like pearls spread on a mat of jade
Oh ! tell me whence you hail
Are you bright bits of a shattered star
Or comet s blazing tail ?
To string you on a silken thread
My Love s neck to adorn
I rush the Sun god smiles and says
You ve lost them come next morn !

Like scented water fresh and cool
Oh ! tell me whence you drop
Once more to clothe the earth in green
On plain and mountain top
I rush to fetch a silver bowl
That I may hold you there
The Rain god laughs at me and says
They ve vanished in the air !

Like moon-stones from the eyes of maids,
Oh ! tell me why you fall
In moments of their joy and grief
And hold the heart in thrall
I haste to brush you from Love's face,
But she doth archly say
“ You might have kissed them as they sprung,
But now they've rolled away ! ”

Beauty and Art

Oh ! who is she that graceful like the swan
Glides soft upon the earth she gently treads
Upon whose face the freshness of the dawn
Spreads out like dew on scented flower beds

Upon whose cheeks the roses coyly blush
Ouvrivalled by the soft and tender lips
That opening melt all noise into a hush
And whence sweet wisdom like the manna drips

Whose winsome smile her pearl white teeth betrays
Whose eyes bespeak a truthful soul sincere
In every line a true Madonna face
Come back to life on earth is beaming here !

The fragrance of whose breath is like the air
That wafts the heady perfume of the flowers
Which jewel like adorn her silken hair
And sparkle in the morning's sunlit showers ?

Oh ! whose is she whose *saree* softly flows,
With gentle curves to drape a fairy form,
In streams of colours blent by one who knows
How Nature decks herself in pigments warm ?

Like Nature self-adorned and beautified,
This artist-model plays her dual part,
And, like the rainbow through a prism spied,
Her beauty is more beautiful made by art

To Ajanta

The crowded pageant that thy walls unfold
Before the wondering eye proud prince calm sage
Processions armies leaders statesmen bold
And woman's loveliness undimmed by age
Moves forward in an ever swelling stream
Of life before which baffled Time recedes
Wild Nature netted in the magic gleam
Of pigments smiles in trees and flowers and meads
Surprising patterns from thy ceilings daze
The upturned eye with varying curve and line
Here mystic bulls transfixed in endless gaze
There swan and lotus linked in one design
Ajanta nameless though thy artists be
Transcending self their art survives through thee !

The Secret of Music

“ Sweet Music, whence proceeds thy power
That holds the cobra in thy spell
And brings to earth the freshening shower,
As India’s ancient legends tell ?

“ The *sarang*, *vina* and *sitar*,
When deftly touched by artist hand,
Extend thee welcome from afar
To fill with joy this hallowed land

“ Shri Krishna with his matchless flute
Oft made the earth to reel with joy ,
He plucked emotions by their root
And vanquished hearts of *gopis* coy.

“ And when the *bulbuls* softly sing,
Their soul-entrancing melodies
To man celestial raptures bring
That make his sorrows almost cease.

When maidens fair in sheer delight
And sparkling youth like fairies dance
Invoking thee with ditties light
Dost thou not weave thy magic trance?

The instruments metallic strings
Imprison me like iron bars
When they vibrate I flap my wings
And fly towards the beckoning stars

I love to dwell with maidens sweet
Whose laughter ripples as they play
With bright-eyed hope the sun I greet
When birds pour forth their twilight lay

I dwell not in a single place
My home is all the Universe
I am its soul and inward grace
And Beauty in my arms I nurse

The Country's Pride

What wealth profuse the Emperor must have spent
On rearing thee, his lovely marble dream,
With rounded dome and turrets high that gleam
At night, their whiteness with the moonlight blent !
What skilful workers, on their art intent,
With sharp-edged chisel shaped the flowers that seem
To blossom on thy walls in coloured scheme,
With life's warm glow, although in marble pent ?
When Shah Jehan thy noble structure planned,
A monument that would his love enshrine
In pure white marble that might long abide,
Did he foresee thou would'st in glory stand,
Admired by all for grandeur of design,
A monarch's yearning and a country's pride ?

Baby's Eyes

Sweet Babe thy eyes so full and round
So black and soft will rove about
With restless motion for they've found
The joy of life undimmed by doubt.

In them I faint reflections see
Of other worlds through which they've been
Before thy soul became unfree
Of glorious sights they must have seen

They're full of wonder gazing still
Upon a world new-opened wide
Whose forms and colours hourly fill
Their liquid depths which nothing hide

The tenderness with which they're filled
Bespeaks the love that dwells within
Thy blameless heart as yet unchilled
By hate or cruelty or sin

For they but see thy mother's face
That beams on thee with look benign,
In every line of which they trace
Pure, selfless mother-love divine

They've yet to see the battle grim
Of life with all its horrors bare,
And they with tears of grief will brim
When pain and sorrow fill the air

No sacrifice would seem too great
To thy fond mother if she might
Forever thereby bar the gate
And shut out sorrow from thy sight !

May they remain unblurred by tears,
And sparkle bright with tender love,
Undaunted by unmeaning fears,
Sustained by faith in Heaven above !

When the Rains Come

The month of June hath come around
The earth lies baking in the sun
All ears are eager for the sound
Of raindrops pattering one by one

The farmer looks up at the sky
To watch the clouds that gather oft
And follows them with anxious eye
Soon blown away by breezes soft

The citizens bewail their fate
For drinking water they depend
Upon the rains if these are late
They wonder what will be their end !

The trees are withered dry and bare
The grass is green no longer now
The jasmynes lilies roses rare
All wear a sadness on their brow

The sweltering heat grows more intense,
And men are praying for the rain
Before God's throne they burn incense
And ask for gifts of fodder, grain

Man's ardent prayer will ne'er succeed,
Because for selfish ends he prays,
But Nature's selfless love can plead
Her children's cause and win His grace.

So as an earnest of His boon
He sends a gentle drizzling shower
To usher in a late monsoon
That brings new life to leaf and flower ;

And Nature dances with the joy
Of freshness gathered from the sky
The maiden flower with blushes coy
Unfolds her beauty to the eye

And as the rain from heaven drips
Like manna in the land of death,
Moistening the Earth's dried lips,
She breathes once more her fragrant breath

The trees resume their foliage green
The tall grass sways with young delight
The farmer at his plough is seen
And dreams his harvest is in sight

The Mountain-Brides

“ Clad in soft robes of plush,
Dyed in bright emerald-gold,
With gossamer veils
And spangled trails,
What wealth of love untold
Lies 'neath your maiden blush ?

“ Perfumes from the rain-fresh earth
Float like dreams light-spun ,
Butterflies flit,
Gaudily lit
By rays from the half-masked sun,
Winged prophets of new mirth

“ Why stand you thus like brides
Awaiting a royal spouse
In whom perchance
A passing glance
May thoughts of love arouse
Upon his lonely rides ?

The prince of your dreams am I
Come here to choose my bride !
Riches untold
Pearls rubies and gold
An eastern kingdom s pride
At your beauty s feet shall lie

For flattery we don t care
And worldly gifts we spurn
Your love hath won
Our hearts Oh Sun !
You need no longer yearn
To see our faces fair

The Western Ghats in July

The rains have softened Nature's face
The giant hills that frowned
Of ruggedness reveal no trace,
With grandeur now transformed to grace,
They smiling look around

They wear long robes of silken green,
Trailed over fields and dales,
Spangled with pools of blue whose sheen,
Reflecting the surrounding scene,
Recalls Arabian tales

The peaks behind grey veils of mist
Appear like timid brides
Who hide their blushes when they're kissed,
Although reluctant to resist
A young love's surging tides

Along the hill slopes silver streams
Rush gurgling to the earth
Filling the farmer's mind with dreams
Of flowing milk whose wealth redeems
His land's impoverished worth

To the Lyric

Watered by cold tears of grief,
Basking in the sun of joy,
Swaying on fear's aspen leaf,
Lyric Rose, thy grace deploy !

Round about thee thou shalt spread
Fragrance of thy love-tinged thought,
Rapture on wild visions fed,
Webs of fancies finely wrought

Singing, swaying in the breeze,
Drunk with music of the spheres,
Far beyond the spreading seas
Long thy voice shall thrill men's ears ,

And the movement of thy feet, ,
Treading lightly, beating time,
Soothe the heart with tinkle sweet
Of thy anklet-bells of rhyme

Morning

Like maids surprised upon the cool surf bathing
By some romantic prince in youth & rich bloom
The clouds suffused with shame their limbs are
swathing

In russet robes when Dawn bursts through the gloom

The tears of grief shed by the Night at parting
Like diamonds glisten on the twilight hours
And when the day's warmth soothes the Earth still
smarting

Her gladdened face beams bright with smiling flowers

The birds on sunlit wings are seen ascending
To greet the herald of another day
With songs of new born joy and hope unending
That spring untutored like a rustic lay

With lusty cries the babe its mother waking
Seeks eagerly her ever filling breasts
The young man from his eyes the soft sleep shaking
Goes forth to duty and the day's behests

The maiden, from her silken couch arisen,
Hastens to shield her heaving bosom bare,
Wherein she fearfully may still imprison
Shy secrets that the morning fain would share

While beauty, youth and love are thus re-stirring,
As the earth whirls round and brings another morn,
The pageant of this life old Time is blurring,
Preparing souls for visions yet unborn

Noon

The Sun at midday halts with passion burning
And hugs the sleeping sea in his embrace
The scorched Earth shrinks and his advances spurning
Would rather win the cool breeze with her grace

All Nature awe-subdued is mutely listening
To swooning sounds beneath the ruthless sky
That like a giant mother-of pearl is glistening
Above too dazzling for the human eye

And save the eagle all the birds seek shelter
In thick leaved branches of colossal trees
In slimy ponds the sun baked cattle welter
The idle rich loll softly at their ease

The farmer and his team continue ploughing
No rest for them until the evening glow !
The sweating coolie neath his load is bowing
Like his forbears of ages long ago

And Music lies asleep, by Nature dandled
To rest, a babe that dreams of unborn songs,
And Beauty keeps indoors with feet unsandalled
And in her curtained room her sleep prolongs

When life is at its noon the hot blood tingles,
And youth, relentless as the sun, looks down
In pride of reason where the base crowd mingles.
Its genial nature masked behind a frown

Evening

Like chambermaids the clouds at eve are spreading
A golden couch whereon the Sun may rest
His weary feet that have been hourly treading
The heaven's vaulted path from east to west

Beneath soft silken bands of red and yellow
The ocean's restless bosom gently heaves
The gilding light makes things and thoughts turn mellow
The light breeze stops to dally with the leaves

The little ones with shouts are playing running
Or building castles on the sandy shore
The aged folk their wrinkled faces sunning
Sit chatting idly near the cottage door

The shadows on the earth are slowly lengthening
And bowers like beehives buzz with lovers' talk
Or sound of fervent long-drawn kisses strengthening
The bond of love unmindful of the clock

Fair worshippers in temples, bowing, singing,
Wave flickering lights before the glittering shrine,
And hope to win the deity's ear by ringing
The silver bells that quiver in a line

Life's ardour cools, with shades of eve approaching,
And man, world-wearied, turns away his gaze
From outward forms of things, himself reproaching
For blindness to the Spirit's inward blaze

- 1

Night

Unto the moon the stars in silence whisper
Their age-old secrets buried in Time's womb
The night grows darker and the cold wind crisper
And shadows flit across the lonely tomb

All living things upon the earth are sleeping
Except the revellers who turn night to day
And those whose eyes like coals burn red with weeping
For loved ones lost or fortunes thrown away

And lovers who with deep and earnest longing
Gaze into tender eyes for secret joy
That springs from sense of owning and belonging
And feed on sweets of love that never cloy

And children wrapt in sleep are sweetly dreaming
Of wondrous playthings and of endless fun
On pillows laid old heads with thoughts are teeming
Of things they hoped to do but left undone

The labourer who all the day was toiling
With outstretched limbs enjoys his sweat-earned rest ,
The criminal, his hands with dark deeds soiling,
Essays to calm the passions in his breast

And when at dawn the Sun draws back Night's curtain,
Flooding her chamber with his golden rays,
She hugs her secrets like a bride, uncertain
If she may bare her bosom to his gaze

Truth

Om

The womb of Silence stirred into a song
Of wild delight the Mother groaned aloud
In pangs of giant birth the while a strong
And lusty universe was born endowed
With life in every limb by Time and Space
Quick-gathered in their all-enclosing grip
A smile lit up the Mother's joy flushed face
The mystic Word escaped her quivering lip
Again the song will into silence sink
All matter and all life unto their source
Revert the conscious mind will cease to think
The Soul resume its upward journey's course
The Sovereign Light untroubled all alone
Shedding its glory from a changeless throne

To the Trimurti

Great Trimurti ! embedded in the rocks,
Symbolic of creation, three in one,
Whose ageless form in sheltered silence mocks
The waves, the wind, the rain, the scorching sun ,
What daring heart conceived thee and what hand
Designed thee in thy formless form divine,
Unequalled elsewhere in this hallowed land
Of sculptured gods enthroned in many a shrine ?
As men upon thy threefold aspect gaze,
Creator first, Preserver next and last
Destroyer, each an ever-changing phase
Of evolution's circle wheeling fast,
In peace eternal wilt thou kindly smile
Upon their sorrows from thy wave-lashed isle

On seeing an Image of Buddha

With eyelids closed thy heart can never pine
For *Maya's* lovely charms that lure the eyes
With smile that pain and suffering defies—
For thou hast conquered both thyself and thine—
Ascetic Prince of ancient royal line !
In contemplation of the Truth that lies
Beyond man's intellect and never dies
Thou sittest still and calm with face divine
As thou once satst beneath the Bodhi Tree
On life and death profound to meditate
So that from earthly shackles thou mightst free
For ever thy soul that had disdained the state
With all its empty pomp and pageantry
Renouncing all with Will more strong than Fate !

Arati

I wave before Thy sacred shrine
Three lambent, quivering lights,
Enkindled by my soul's dim fire
Mid heavy-clouded nights

One golden flame that erstwhile slept
In my devoted heart
Now strives to mingle with its source,
From which it fell apart

Another flaunts its pale blue flame,
Ignited in my mind,
Wherewith I seek in this dark maze
Thy glorious truth to find

The last shoots up, a piercing flame
That glows with red desire,
Whose radiance torch-like guides the path
Of duty stern and dire

My soul will burn with lustre bright
When all these flames combine
For then the darkness will be gone
Thy Sun alone shall shine

Will they Return ?

Like leaves in autumn falling fast,
Oh, why do friends in haste depart,
Bequeathing memories of the past
Long cherished by an aching heart ?

Like lamps by stormy winds blown out
Their lives are swallowed by the night,
And shadows of unseemly doubt
Conceal God's vision from the sight

Will they come back with Spring's return,
New-clad in robes of emerald green,
And will the lamps re-kindled burn
And light once more the darkened scene ?

Dead and Forgotten

When friends and loved ones pass away
There is a short sharp hour
When sorrow's gloom shuts out the day
And evil dreams gain power

And when the morrow comes we find
The edge of suffering gone
And more than Fate are we unkind
The night gives place to dawn !

Is friendship then a mere pretence
A toy a passing whim
That life long friends departed hence
Fade into shadows dim ?

Is human love a transient thing
That men should quick forget
The hearts which to their own would cling
Not turned to dust as yet ?

Are we from feelings icy cold
Indifferent to our dead,
Or blinded by the vision bold
Of Life that shines ahead ?

Lurking Death

Death lurks behind the playful waves
That tempt the swimmer strong
Beneath smooth seas in yawning graves
That drown the sailor's song

The gentle breeze that cools the days
Of summer burning hot
Hides Death's grim jaws behind its face
Of smiles with danger fraught.

Death lurks within the cobra's hood
That sways to music sweet
Beneath a cloak of seeming good
It hides its cloven feet

Death lurks in bowls of sparkling wine
In tempting voice of drab
In gamblers dens where gold coins shine
And men each other stab

Death lurks in soft and tender words
Of swindlers, murderers, thieves,
Whose victims are like guileless birds
The fowler's trap deceives

Death lurks, too, in the siren calls
That lure to giddy fame,
Ay, crouching soft in banquet halls,
It plays a waiting game

Death pounces on its victim when
He least suspects 'tis there
Its shadow haunts the hill, the fen,
The earth, the sea, the air

Quiet

Oh ! tell me where doth Quiet lie
Below the lowest deep
Or on the mountain tops that high
Beyond the white clouds peep ?

At midday when the sun shines bright
And motion seems to cease
Or in the middle of the night
When life is merged in ease ?

Doth Quiet sleep beneath the tomb
Or where the grass has grown
Or in the darkness of the womb
Or in the inert stone ?

Or doth it dwell in solitude
Far from the prying crowd
Where nought is evil all is good
Beneath a silent shroud ?

There's Quiet in the lover's kiss
That with its passion thrills,
The poet's song can never miss
The Quiet of the hills.

There's Quiet in the blustering storm
That bellows in its rage
True Quiet hath a viewless form
That nothing can encage

There's Quiet in the human mind
In contemplation lost
Of what the soul alone can find
By body unengrossed

Why Fear Death ?

Oh ! dost thou fear the coming night
Because the sun shall cease to shine ?
To-morrow morn upon thy sight
He'll burst anew a form divine !

Oh ! dost thou fear deep dreamless sleep
Because thy senses shall lie dead ?
To-morrow morn wilt thou not leap
With limbs refreshed from thy soft bed ?

Oh ! dost thou think Death comes too fast
Being loth to leave the world behind ?
In a better world thou'lt live at last
Set free from mortal coils that bind

If day doth ever follow night
And waking wait on slumber deep
Thy soul will burst into the light
Now curtained by thy life's false sleep

Flowers

With beauty fed on morning dew
And in sweet sunshine clad,
Her virgin beauty crowning, you
Will make the bride's heart glad

When parting friends shed silent tears,
Your fragrance fills the heart
With sweet remembrance of past years
That never shall depart

And when loved ones to rest are laid
You smile with lofty air,
As if to say, " We, too, shall fade ,
But then, how sweet we were ! "

The Garden of Brindavan

In the garden of Brindavan shouldst thou stand
At eventide and watch the coming night
The jewelled splendour bursting on thy sight
Would make thee think thou wert in fairyland !
For sparkling fountains each a flaming brand
Shoot up into a thousand rainbows bright
And whirl resplendent hues in mad delight
To charm the eye the spirit to command.
Illusion splendid ! that deceives men's eyes
Since neath the multi coloured jets and spray
Effects of scattered light plain waters flow
The world of sense likewise misleading lies
And hides beneath its glittering false display
The one and only Truth that sages know

Unsolved Mysteries

Though man hath many secrets wrung
From Nature with the aid
Of Science, still he lives among
Its mysteries dismayed

While treasures of the vasty deep
Are all within his grasp,
The mysteries of dream and sleep
Elude his childish clasp

Though he hath scaled the giddy heights
Of thought, his intellect
Still boggles at the mystic's flights
That clutch at Truth direct

The source of life, where flies the breath
When life snaps like a thread,
What lies beyond the door of death,
Are mysteries unread

Which came the first the egg or hen
Was first the seed or tree
Are riddles which have baffled men
In every century

If wonders of this earth are great
Then what about the stars
Around which bigger worlds gyrate
Than Jupiter or Mars?

The darkest mystery is the soul
Lodged in a house of clay
A flickering flame that lights the whole
With its uncertain ray

The Butterfly

Who would have thought that once you crept,
A snail upon the ground,
A caterpillar, whence you leapt
With wings you newly found ?

Whence came your wings so gorgeous bright
With texture muslin-fine,
That glisten in the morning light
With many-hued design ?

For camouflage, the clever ruse
Employed in war to-day,
Wise men from you have learnt the use
Of coloured false array

I see you flit from flower to flower
Like man dissatisfied
With gifts of beauty, wealth and power,
That never long abide

Are you the symbol of the soul
That flits from spot to spot
In search of peace its only goal
On earth so vainly sought ?

Dual Rôle

Your presence makes thin tongues of flame
With vehemence to speak ,
With them engaged in spritely game,
You play at hide and seek

Your presence makes the oceans roar,
Their waters dark to whirl,
And boats and ships, on sea, on shore,
Into sad wrecks you hurl

You softly push the country-craft
With cargoes moving slow ,
Sweet music on your wings you waft
When you do gently blow

I love you more because you bring
The flower's perfume sweet ,
With light embrace you seem to cling
Around the lovers' seat

Your real nature puzzles all
Who watch your dual rôle
For though you bluster bluff and brawl
You have a kindly soul.

The Spring of Solace

Deep in my heart's unsounded well
Lies hid a gentle spring
Whose sparkling waters, fragrant, cool,
A bubbling ditty sing

I oft send golden fancies down
Its giddy depths to fill
With draughts from this perennial source,
They come back empty still !

No gold will tempt these waters pure
From worldly touch they shrink,
But, when my grief-parched eyes bend down
Its solace sweet to drink,

The spring leaps up with fountained joy
Their limpid depths it fills,
And easing pain, it drops again
In two refreshing rills

Kasturba

Behind him toiling up the steep ascent
Of Duty's towering cliff she followed close
A shadow form that with its object blent
Defying storms whose fury hourly rose.
She shared his journey's perils at each stage
Like patient suffering Sita in exile
Unfaltering she trudged though bent by age
While on her lips she wore a cheering smile
Although their dreams perhaps were once apart
And he was worshipped by a wondering world
Like his own faith her love encased his heart
And shielded it from doubts which round it whirled
Though faded from this earth she shines afar
In India's firmament a deathless star !

Aspiration

Earth, water, air and fire,
The myriad forms of life
Perpetually at strife,
Are striving to aspire
Higher and still higher !

Volcanoes, when they flame
And belch forth fire and smoke
And lava at one stroke,
Shaking the earth's frame,
Are raising high her fame

The ocean's waves ride high
And make terrific roar
With waterspout and bore, -
And with each other vie
To kiss the bending sky

The air with body light
Escapes from Earth's embrace
And skywards turns its face
Dispersing in its flight
The clouds that block its sight

And fire to nature true
Leaps up with unchecked zeal
That melts the hardened steel
And burning all things through
Meets heaven's vaulted blue

From reptile low that creeps
To man the highest crown
Life's looking up not down
Evolving higher it leaps
Beyond itself it peeps

With aspiration high
Man strives to be a god
His feet disown earth's clod
His thoughts unhindered fly
Beyond the starry sky

Life and Love

Life is a blending of laughter and tears,
A picture of hope rudely shattered by fears,
Of joy that is drowned in an ocean of grief,
Of envy and hate standing out in relief
On a background of love which lies calm and serene
Like a lake whose still waters in moonlight are seen.

Love is a blending of laughter and tears,
A picture of hope undaunted by fears,
Of pleasure afloat on an ocean of grief,
Of ecstatic delight whose duration is brief,
Of tender affection which flows like a stream,
Of a palace of glass in a half-shattered dream

Ring the Temple Bells

There's jubilation o'er the Country wide
Because her patriot saint her greatest son
Hath through a fiery ordeal sorely tried
By force of soul alone a victory won
When he proclaimed his fast a death like gloom
Spread like a deepening shadow through the land
The people thought it was the crack of doom
And dread disasters seemed to be at hand !
And prayers went forth to God from hearth and home
All o'er the world in near and distant parts
The spreading sky became a temple dome
Beneath which millions knelt with throbbing hearts
Rejoice and ring the temple bells aloud
For now he smiles and waves Truth's banner proud !

Nataraja

O god of dance, true symbol Thou
Of cosmic and creative force !
We, puny men, still know not how,
Or where, to trace thy hidden source

The universe by thee sustained
With rhythmic motion of thy dance,
By laws harmoniously enchain'd,
Could not have sprung from whim or chance

Is thy right foot pressed down to curb
The ugly thoughts that crowd the mind,
And does thy left, in pose superb,
The dancer's pleasure seek to find ?

Dost thou proclaim the joy of life
That flows in the graceful lines and curves
Of thy own image, free from strife
That racks men's minds and strains their nerves ?

Or art thou an image of the soul
That spurns the earth its sordid things
On sighting high its shining goal
And dances on ethereal wings ?

The Shadow-Play

Have you seen a shadow-play ?
Shadows on the screen
Enter, act and slink away,
Then no more are seen !

Living men and women pace
Just behind the screen,
Throwing shadows on its face,
Gathered in a scene

Even so are shadows we,
Flung upon Life's screen ,
Here we stir and cease to be
Have we really been ?

Even so behind Life's scene,
Moving on apace,
Shining souls, by eyes unseen,
Shoot through time and space

Changed Values

The Poet sees things upside down
Life s values interchanged
And man who is creation s crown
Against all nature ranged.

The good the generous and the kind
Are crushed beneath the heel
Of wickedness with power combined
At each turn of the wheel

The weak are bullied by the strong
The rich exploit the poor
One suffers for another s wrong
None touches the wrong-doer

Truth lies sprawling at the base
With Error at the top
Virtues fade and vices blaze
And progress seems to stop

Inspiration

Sweet Muse, where dost thou light thy fire
When thine own soul's spark lies dead ?
Unto what song dost tune thy lyre
When voices sweet have fled ?

Around what object wilt thou twine
Thy tender, clinging thought,
Thy incense burn before what shrine
By Love's devotion sought ?

Are flowers and rainbows, skies and hills
The source of thy sweet song,
Or birds whose tireless music thrills
The wanderer all day long ?

Or dost thou slake thy unquenched thirst
With draughts of waters cool
That in a mountain torrent burst,
Or at some shaded pool ?

Or is it Love a perennial spring
That sparkles as it flows
Or fluttering heart or broken wing
That feeds thy tearful woes ?

Or dost thou with the Poet peep
Into his inner being
Where treasured truths lie hiding deep
From vulgar glances fleeing ?

An Unextinguished Spark

The child lies dead—a bud frost-nipped,
A promise made, withdrawn,
In one short step a whole life skipped,
A fading star—not dawn !

Hope sprung from love, shot dead like a bird
Before it flapped its wings,
First letter of a half-formed word,
Attuned to snapping strings

A ray of light, enveloped, lost
In dark storm-clouds of death,
A little boat seen skyward tossed,
A stifled fragrant breath

A pebble on the shore of Time,
Washed back into the sea
Whose dashing waves still wildly chime
Their ceaseless melody

The spark of Life shall never die
But whirl through time and space'
And light some star beyond our sky
Or beam upon God's face

Pray let no tear be shed for tears
May quench the spark and kill
The soul whose fire with shining spheres
Keeps bright and burning still

The Poet

The Poet's heart is gay and young
And boyish in its wonder,
On seeing the rainbow's bright arch flung,
Or hearing peals of thunder

And like the boy he'll wildly roam,
Amazed by things around him,
Forgetful of his hearth and home
Where selfish thoughts surround him ,

He'll let his fancy roam about
O'er sea and hill and valley,
Unshadowed by the sneaking doubt
That haunts life's darkened alley

To him the world's a wonder-book
Of fairy tales in pictures,
For which he'll search its every nook,
Unmindful of me ires

His heart will throb to every tune
That Nature's softly chiming
And with her heart he will commune
Through verses sweetly rhyming

His soul will rise on wings of thought
And fly through regions vernal
Where life shines bright and death is not
And sing of love eternal

And so twill be with him until
His soft child's heart shall harden
And intuition cease to fill
With flowering seeds its garden

Why Poets Sing

Some sing like birds because they must,
High perched upon joy's throne,
Some, steeped in sorrow, seek relief
In song that makes sweet moan,

And some, because another's joy,
Or yet another's pain,
Awakens in their vibrant heart
A sympathetic strain

A strain that lingers in the mind
And, softened, flows again
Rich-flavoured like the mellowed wine
Long in some cellar lain

The soul awakes to griefs and joys,
Long wrapt in memory's gloom,
To breathe again the air refreshed
By fragrant thoughts in bloom

Storm and Calm

When winds blow hard upon her face
The smooth and silent sea
Forgets her inborn polished ways
Her deep tranquillity

She bids her waves to dance about
Like men who feel carefree
And roll and reel with roar and shout
In new found liberty

But when the storm abates once more
The sea her calm regains
Her waves lie peaceful on her floor
Like madmen bound in chains

The Poet's mind is like the sea
The passions in his breast
Are like the waves by storm set free
His songs their silver crest

And like the waves his verses rise
And fall with rhythmic sweep,
Now curling upward to the skies,
And now descending deep

But when his mind regains the peace
That dwells within his soul,
His eye with inward vision sees
Life placid, steady, whole

Change

We work and strive and worry
Wherefore we never know
And while through life we hurry
We trip and down we go !

We sacrifice all pleasure
And live laborious days
That we in copious measure
May win rewards and praise

But when the day is closing
And we would fain lie still
With tired limbs reposing
Old Death presents his bill !

He like a money lender
Whose bills are overdue
Compels us to surrender
Whatever meets his view

And what we have been earning,
Our health, our joy, our all,
Our intellect and learning,
Into his wallet fall

Of the body's coarse belongings
Not one will he let slip,
But the soul with 'distant longings
Will still evade his grip

The rose will fade and wither,
The rainbow melt away
With wealth and fame that hither,
Like them, came not to stay

The world is changing, passing,
Life's river is flowing on
No keeping, no amassing
Things come and go, are gone !

Time's wheel keeps fast revolving
Life moves towards its goal,
Invisibly dissolving
Into the Oversoul

Meteors

Meteors blaze and disappear
Trailing glory in their flight
Brief like theirs is Life's career !
Through the vast enfolding night !

Whence are they and whither tend
Coursing through unmeasured space ?
Whence are we and to what end
Run our seeming futile race ?

From an unknown source we spring
While we live we know our plight
When we die our minds we fling
Back into a pitch-dark night.

Flashing comes with us our soul
Lighting with its star like gleam
Paths through which we seek our goal
Rushing in a madman's dream

Thoughts

You are my greatest foe
Hammering blow on blow,
You drive your drill
Into me until
You pierce my mind so deep
That I lack the strength to weep !

And yet a friend you remain
Consoling me in pain,
You're like a psalm
Intoning a calm
In my anguished mind
Till a phantom-peace I find

Like the balmy summer air,
With love-besprinkled care,
You fill my brain
And there remain
As counsellors to save
My life from perils grave

So sudden are your flights
Bright rockets scaling heights
Yet fathomless seas
With master-ease
Nymph like you can explore
And bring great treasures ashore

Joys too you can bring me
Sweet songs you can sing me
With memories true
Of golden hue
Which light \ my dismal way
With gleams of yesterday

When you would thus inspire
My mind's melodious lyre
On its throbbing strings
The tears of things
That lay congealed so long
Are fountained into song

Showers

Like fireflies swimming in the dark,
Glistening with silver hue,
Descends a shower of twinkling light
From a distant vault of blue

The multitude of gleaming stars
Which cling in jewelled cluster
Are lamps of quenchless love divine
Shedding their heavenly lustre

Like drizzles on a sunny morn
Descends a floral shower
Of fragile petals scent-bedewed
From an enchanted bower

The fountain of the human heart,
Bubbling with radiant love,
Pours out its gentle shower of gifts
Like the grace of Heaven above

Human Relationships

Upon this earth a myriad paths converge
Strange meetings seeming but the fruit of chance
Are like the waves that from deep seas emerge
And joining hands upon their surface dance.

Foe and friend son daughter husband wife
Are not mere hazards of the passing hour
Their hates that curse their loves that bless this life
Of seeds sown elsewhere are the full blown flower

Like skeins of coloured threads they help to weave
The gaudy pattern of existence here
And parting some unfinished garments leave
To be completed in a brighter sphere

Some pass through life untouched by joy or grief
Of others some unmoved by love or hate
And some are seen to tremble like a leaf
All shaken by uprooting winds of Fate

And some forge golden links of friendship's chain
That binds true hearts across the yawning grave ,
To some life's song still ends in love's refrain
With which they'll gladly breast Death's tidal wave !

The Real India

Give me the ancient bullock-cart
That crawls along the winding road
Conveying to some distant part
Its spilling golden harvest load.

Give me the solitary well
That even in summer drieth not
Whose waters cool the village belle
Stirs gently with her burnished pot

Give me the market-day when streams
Of maids with basket poised on head
Move forward bandying thoughts and dreams
Of homely love its hope and dread.

Give me the lazy lowing herds
That in the twilight darkly stray
Give me the gaily plumaged birds
That sing their unspoilt freedom's lay

Give me the common sounds and sights
Which make the village brim with life,
For these are Nature's true delights
That smooth the edge of wordly strife ,

For this is India, mother mine,
Who gave me birth, 'tis here she dwells,
Here throbs her heart with love divine
Beneath these fading rural spells !

The Flute-Player

Didst thou hear the dulcet strains
Wafted on the evening breeze
O'er the hills and o'er the plains
O'er the land encircling seas ?

Fragrant memories distilled
From love-blossomed hearts entwined
Back again to life are thrilled
In the alcoves of the mind

Birds pour forth their amorous lays
Flooding vale and countryside
While the forest gently sways
To this tune of eventide.

Snake and mongoose ancient foes
Spend the balmy hour in play
Lions next to lambs repose
Wolves forget their daily prey

Standing cross-legged, flute in hand,
Through the ages hath he played
Tunes which over sea and land
Steal the hearts of man and maid ,

Songs of sunshine and of rain,
Songs of fruit and flower and leaf,
Songs that dull the edge of pain,
Songs that drown the voice of grief ,

Songs of laughter and of mirth,
Songs that mock at Death's grim jest,
Songs that bring the heaven to earth,
Ending man's untiring quest ;

Songs whose words, as they escape,
Potent spells o'er minds acquire,
Songs whose mystic power can drape
Souls of men with wings of fire

Years may swell to centuries,
Nations rise to power and fall,
With his love-linked melodies
He will hold the world in thrall

Another Dawn

I dreamt of a golden city where
The scent of jasmines filled the air
Where glittering fountains colour sprayed
A thousand rainbow arches made
And orchestrated music stirred
The heart of man and beast and bird
I saw the gleam of golden spires
Reflect the glow of Love's red fires
And felt the breath in leaf and flower
While Beauty conscious of her power
Enthralled the eye and left it dazed
And Truth in its pristine glory blazed

I woke to find a warring world
Where Hate and Greed with flags unfurled
Spread ruin in their deadly wake
That made the hearts of millions ache
The air was thick with stench of blood
Bright Hope lay shattered in the mud

Only the boom of guns was heard
It silenced every singing bird,
And Falsehood, winging through the air,
Proclaimed her rule with trumpet blare,
A waking nightmare choked my breath ·
Was it the harbinger of Death ?

Ere long I spied a ray of light
Piercing the heavy veil of night
The Dawn of Youth with ruddy cheek
Appeared above a dark-lined peak
And bathed the earth in Love's pure gold ;
Then rose a vision bright and bold
Of Freedom for man's long suffering race,
Which changed the world's deflowered face
For human hate and greed and lust
Lay crushed beneath the trodden dust,
And from the womb of Hope forlorn
' A nobler race of men was born !

The Ivory Tower-Another View

Upon Truth's solid rock there stands
A thin walled ivory tower
Built light but strong by fairy hands
With thought's creative power

Above the waves of circumstance
Upon which men are tossed
Untouched by fickle winds of chance
Its top in white clouds lost.

The darkening shadows of the world
Recede when they behold
The Spirit's flag that's here unfurled
Proclaiming realms of gold

The Poet sits within and sings
Of vale and flower and tree
And from his mind around him flings
Its gorgeous tracery

The music of the seas and rills,
Of *bulbuls* singing sweet,
To which his heart with rapture thrills,
His magic words repeat

The love and grief in woman's heart,
By tender passion swayed,
He turns by his alchemic art
To songs that never fade,

And though the Earth be torn to shreds
By human lust and greed,
The Poet with his fancy's threads
Re-weaves love's golden creed

His life's experience he re-states
In patterns ever new,
And every time he re-creates
The world in brighter hue,

New visions born of mystic power
Will range themselves around
Until within the ivory tower
A shining world be found

A world reflecting what we see
And feel and taste and hear
That'll go on whirling ceaselessly
When ours shall disappear !